



THE RETURN OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY!

60¢
U.K. 25p
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★★★
NO. 19
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ALL-OUT
ACTION
FROM
ROY THOMAS
AND JERRY
ORDWAY!

ALL-STAR SQUADRON



WHERE
THE
ACTION
IS!

SCENE: A NEGLECTED RAMP OFF THE GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY IN THE BOROUGH CALLED QUEENS, STATE AND CITY OF NEW YORK...



SEE, FELLAS AND GALS? I TOLD YOU I'D GET HERE FIRST AND FOREMOST.

OLD SPEED FORMULA SURE HASN'T LOST ITS PIZZAZZ!

JOHNNY, SOMEDAY YOU'RE GOING TO BREAK YOUR ARM, PATTING YOURSELF ON THE BACK.

NOW, BELLE-- FAIR IS FAIR! AFTER ALL--

—HE DID CARRY YOU AND ME HERE WITHOUT EVEN GETTING WINDED.

THAT'S JUST JOHNNY QUICK AND HIS MALE ESO, FIREBRAND.

RIGHT! YOU'LL NOTE IT WAS ROBO-MAN WHO HAD TO HAUL ME ALL THE WAY FROM MANHATTAN.

DOES GABLE CARRY SPENCER TRACY AROUND?

GATE'S OPEN-- FOR THEM AS NEEDS IT OPEN, THAT IS.

ALL I CAN THINK OF IS WHAT MAY AWAIT US INSIDE--AND WHETHER WE'RE UP TO THE CHALLENGE--!

ALL-STAR SQUADRON, Vol. 3, No. 19, March, 1983. Published monthly by DC COMICS INC., 686 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103. Application to Mail at Second Class Postage Rates is Pending at New York, New York and at Additional Mailing Offices. Copyright © 1982 by DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

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SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.: DC COMICS INC., P.O. Box 1308-F, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024. Annual subscription rate \$7.20. Outside U.S.A. \$8.20.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to DC COMICS INC., P.O. Box 1308-F, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024.

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FUNNY! THE LIGHT'S STOPPED
BEEPING--NOW THAT WE'RE HERE.

JOHNNY, I KNOW YOU AND
I'VE BEEN GETTING ON
EACH OTHER'S NERVES
A BIT LATELY, BUT--

YOU WANT ME
TO CHECK OUT THE
TOP OF THE TRYLON,
RIGHT?

WELL, NEVER LET
IT BE SAID MRS. QUICK'S
#1 SON REFUSED A
DIRECT ORDER FROM HIS
CHAIRLADY.

EVEN FROM HERE,
I CAN TELL THE DOORS
AT THE END OF THE
HELICLINE ARE
LOCKED TIGHTER THAN
A WALL STREET
BANKER'S VAULT--

--BUT SINCE WHEN DID A
MERE 700-FOOT CLIMB
BOTTER THE KIMS
OF SPEED?

HAH!
IF I SLIP,
OR RUN OUT
OF MOMENTUM
HALFWAY UP,
I'LL HIT LIKE
A TOMATO.

ME AND MY
OVERRIDE MOUTH!

NBODY HERE, GANG!
I'LL CASE THE JOINT
FROM THE INSIDE!

SPOKEN LIKE ONE
OF MY MYSTERY-
NOVEL CHARACTERS,
J.Q.!

BY THE WAY, THE
TRYLON'S ONLY 600
FEET TALL... CON-
TRARY TO WHAT YOU
MIGHT'VE READ IN
LIFE MAGAZINE!

TARANTULA, DID
ANYBODY EVER TELL
YOU--AW, NEVER
MIND.

NBODY
INSIDE,
EITHER.
NOW
WHAT?

NOW WE
HEAD NEXT
DOOR AND
CHECK OUT
THE PERISPHERE.

ITS DOORS ARE FAR
THICKER--AND SINCE THERE
ARE NO WINDOWS IN THE
PERISPHERE--

WE'LL JUST STRONG-ARM
OUR WAY IN, AND ASSUME
MAJOR LAGUARDIA
WON'T ARREST US FOR
TRESPASSING. RIGHT,
COMMANDER STEEL?

CAN'T LET JOHNNY
DO ALL THE WORK.

'COURSE, I GUESS WE COULD'VE KNOCKED FIRST.

CONTINUED ON 38P PAGE FOLLOWING.

HMMM...MAYBE
I MISSED A BET,
FIGHTING CRIME
SINCE MY FIRST
FEW MONTHS.

THE ONLY SPARKLING
REPARTEE I'VE BEEN
GETTING IS FROM SMALL-
TIME HOODS LIKE ACE-
DEUCE AND THE
STINGS.

HOLD IT! MY PHOTO-ELECTRIC-CELL EYES MAKE
OUT A LARGE DARK SHAPE JUST AHEAD--!

EVERYTHING'S
DARK! SOMEBODY
MUST'VE FORGOT
TO MAIL A CHECK
TO COW-EDISON.



YOU GUYS
KEEP FORGETTING--
HAVING FIREBRAND
AROUND IS LIKE
CARRYING A
PORTABLE SEARCH-
LIGHT.

NOW, LET'S
SEE WHAT--

MOLY
S'MOKE!



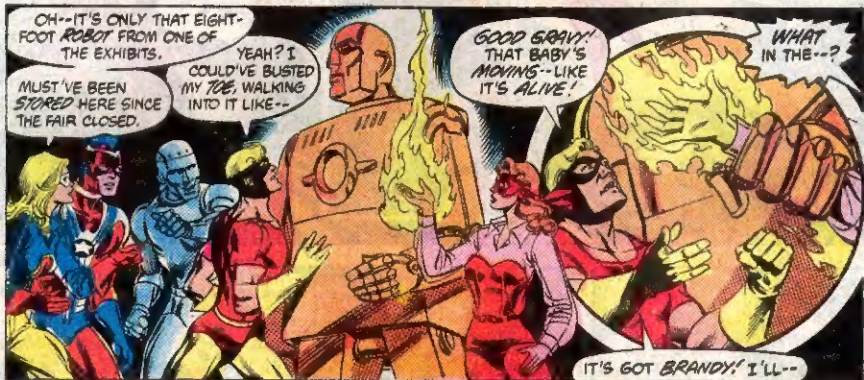
OH--IT'S ONLY THAT EIGHT-
FOOT ROBOT FROM ONE OF
THE EXHIBITS.

MUST'VE BEEN
STORED HERE SINCE
THE FAIR CLOSED.

YEAH? I
COULD'VE BUSTED
MY TOE, WALKING
INTO IT LIKE--

GOOD GRABY!
THAT BABY'S
MOVING--LIKE
IT'S ALIVE!

WHAT
IN THE--?



IT'S GOT BRANDY! I'LL--

ARRRRRR

THA-WAK!!

JOHNNY--!





HE'S TOO STUNNED--
TO SLOW
HIS OWN
FALL--!



GOT TO HOPE I CAN
COME THROUGH LIKE
PEEWEE REESE AT
SHORT, AND--

!LANNH!!

THANKS,
BELLE! DIDN'T
KNOW-- YOU
STILL CARE!

YOU
OKAY? I'M
NOT EXACTLY A
MUNCHKIN,
Y'KNOW.



I'M FINE--AND
I SEE YOU'RE
JUST A BIT
DAZED, AS
PER USUAL.

GOT AWAY--
HAD TO SEE IF
YOU AND
JOHNNY
WERE ALL
RIGHT.

BRANDY--
WHAT--?



GREAT! NOW IT'S
ABOUT TIME
TARANTULA STARTED
PULLING HIS WEIGHT
ON THIS TEAM--



SO LET'S SEE IF MY
PATENTED WEB-GUN
WILL-- OH! OH!
EVIDENTLY IT WON'T.

KEEP BACK!
THIS THING'S
A KILLER!

THE ROBOT'S
JUST USING
MY WEBLINE--
TO YANK ME
TOWARD IT!

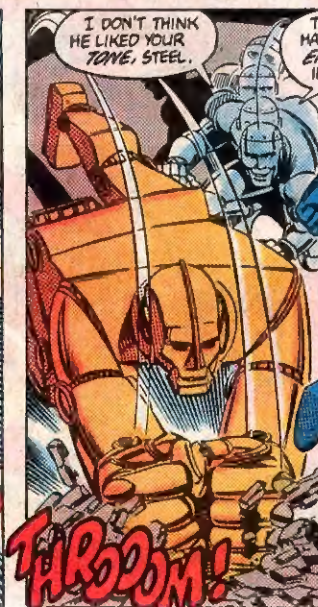


WHO'RE YOU
KIDDING?
I CAN--
YEEHAWH!!

NOW MAYBE
YOU'LL
BELIEVE US--

--AND LET A
COUPLE OF GUYS
WHO'RE PART
METAL THEMSELVES
TANGLE WITH THIS
WALKING PILE
OF SCRAP!

WOW!



I DON'T THINK
HE LIKED YOUR
TONE, STEEL.

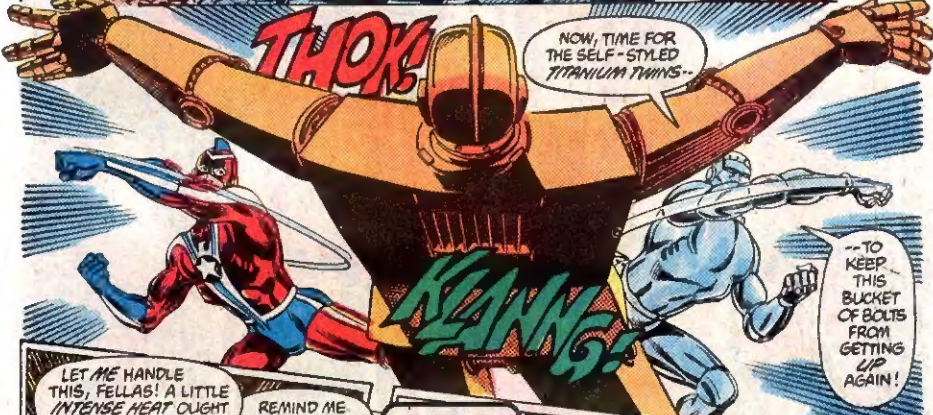
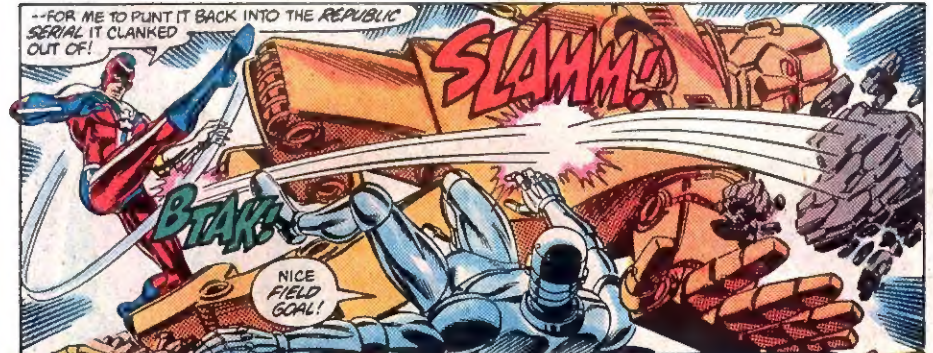
THAT BLOW'D
HAVE TRASHED
EITHER OF US,
IF IT'D HIT.

BUT IT DIDN'T--
BECAUSE THE ROBOT'S
BIGGER THAN WE
ARE, BUT IT'S
SLOWER, TOO.

AND NOW
IT'S IN THE
PERFECT
SPOT--

THROOOM!

--FOR ME TO PUNT IT BACK INTO THE REPUBLIC
SERIAL IT CLANKED
OUT OF!



LET ME HANDLE
THIS, FELLAS! A LITTLE
INTENSE HEAT OUGHT
TO FUSE ITS ROTORS.

REMINDE ME
NEVER TO GET
YOU' HOT UNDER
THE COLLAR,
SISTER.

THAT WILL NOT
BE NECESSARY,
ALL-STAR
SQUADRON.

THE SIX OF YOU
HAVE PASSED
THE LITTLE TEST
I ARRANGED FOR
YOU, BY FELLING
ELEKTRÖ THE
ROBOT--

SO I SHALL
GLADLY
REVEAL A
FURTHER ASPECT OF
MYSELF TO YOU, BUT
ONLY AFTER I
SHOW YOU--THIS!

SOMEONE'S TAUNTING
US--THROUGH THE
ROBOT--AND NOW THE
LIGHTS ARE ON!

WHAT'S GOING
ON?

LOOK THIS WAY,
JOHNNY--AND YOU'LL
SEE!

IT'S--UNBELIEVABLE!

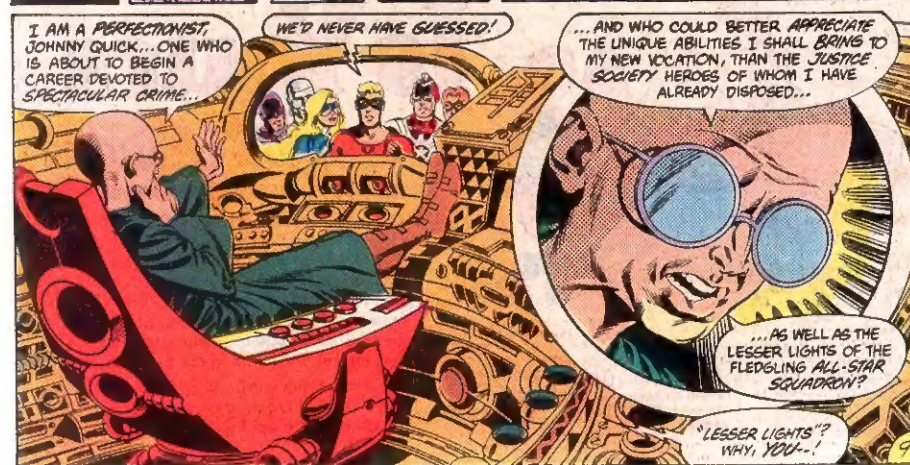
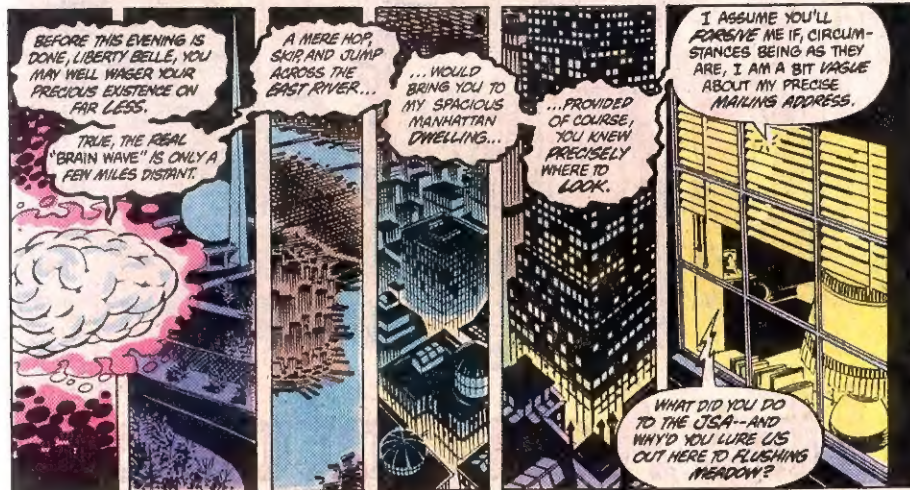
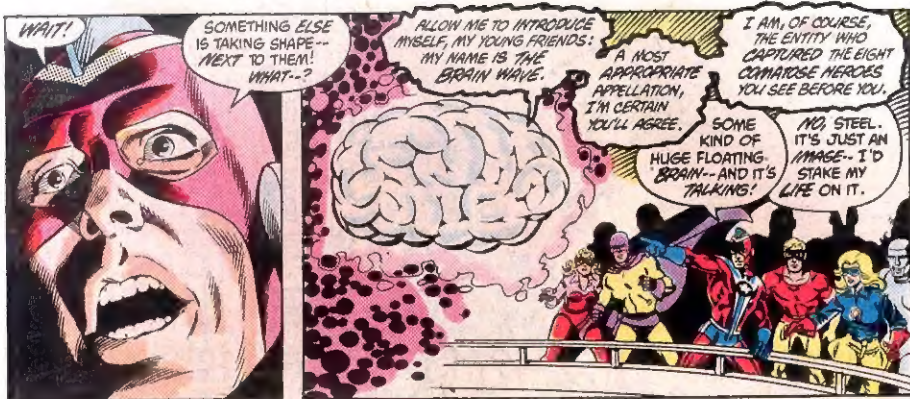
GOOD LORD!

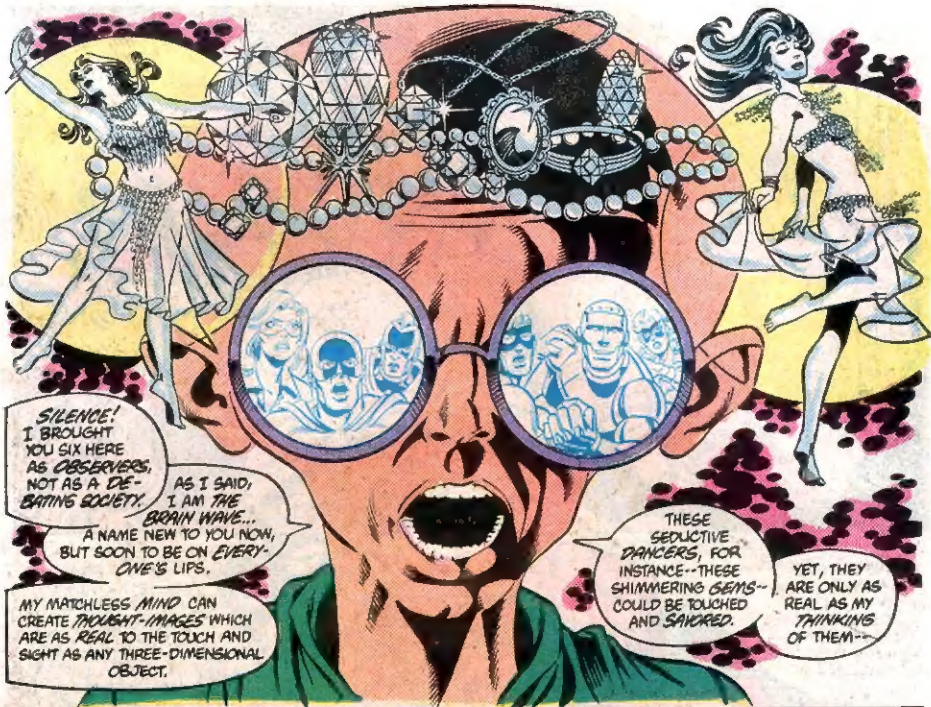
OVER THERE--
IN THE SPACE WHERE
THE FAIR HAD THAT HUGE
MODEL OF A FUTURE
CITY--

--IT'S THE
**JUSTICE
SOCIETY
OF
AMERICA!**

EVERY ONE OF THE
JSAERS WHO'VE
TURNED UP MISSING--
AND WONDER WOMAN,
TOO!

BUT-- THEY'RE
NOT MOVING!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THEM??





SILENCE!
I BROUGHT
YOU SIX HERE
AS OBSERVERS,
NOT AS A DE-
BATING SOCIETY.

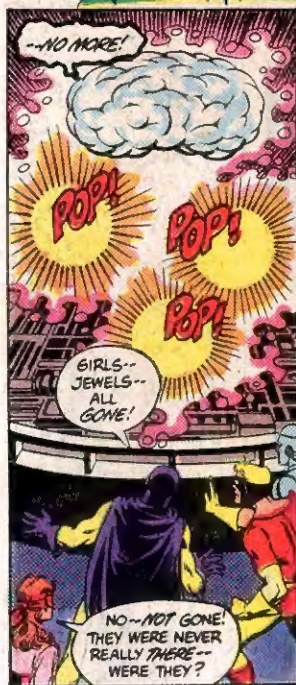
AS I SAID,
I AM THE
BRAIN WAVE...

A NAME NEW TO YOU NOW,
BUT SOON TO BE ON EVERY-
ONE'S LIPS.

MY MATCHLESS MIND CAN
CREATE THOUGHT-IMAGES WHICH
ARE AS REAL TO THE TOUCH AND
SIGHT AS ANY THREE-DIMENSIONAL
OBJECT.

THESE
SEDUCTIVE
DANCERS, FOR
INSTANCE--THESE
SHIMMERING GEMS--
COULD BE TOUCHED
AND SAVORED.

YET, THEY
ARE ONLY AS
REAL AS MY
THINKING
OF THEM...



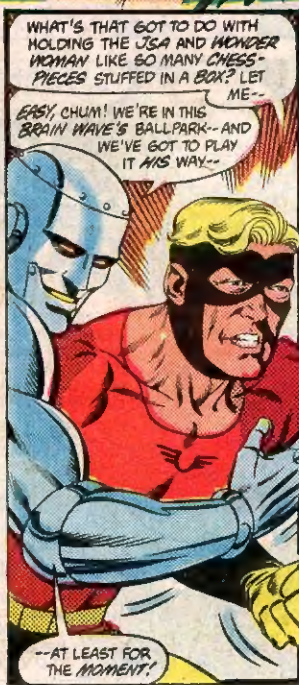
--NO MORE!

POP!

POP!

GIRLS--
JEWELS--
ALL
GONE!

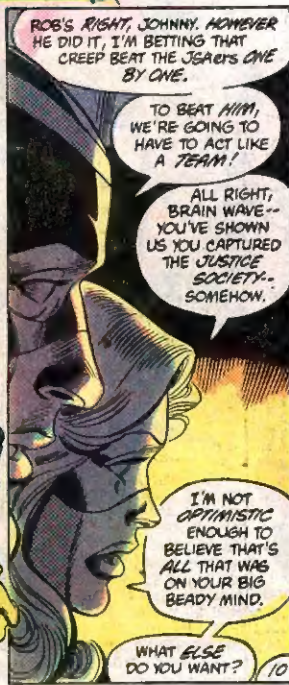
NO--NOT GONE!
THEY WERE NEVER
REALLY THERE--
WERE THEY?



WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH
HOLDING THE JSA AND WONDER
WOMAN LIKE SO MANY CHESS-
PIECES STUFFED IN A BOX? LET
ME--

EASY, CHUM! WE'RE IN THIS
BRAIN WAVE'S BALLPARK--AND
WE'VE GOT TO PLAY
IT HIS WAY--

--AT LEAST FOR
THE MOMENT!



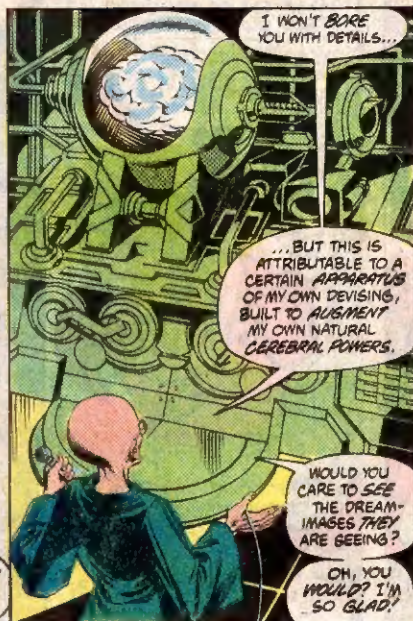
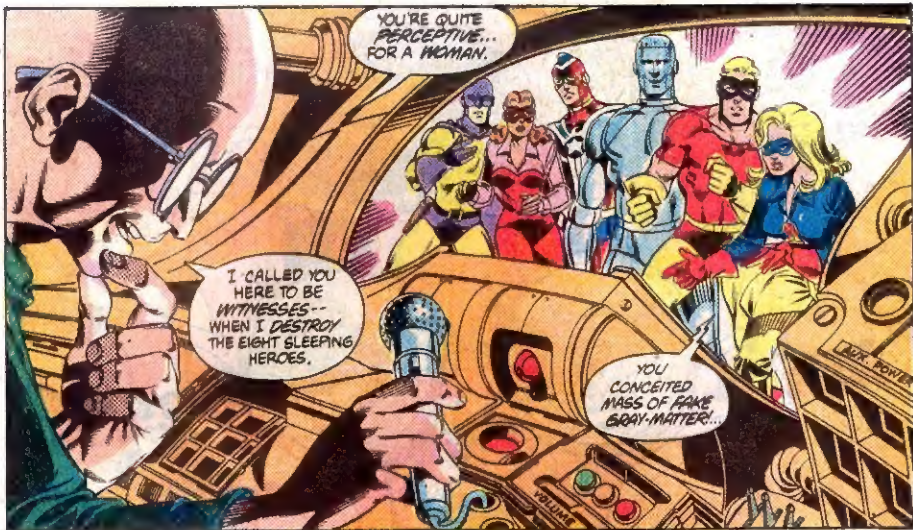
ROB'S RIGHT, JOHNNY. HOWEVER
HE DID IT, I'M BETTING THAT
CREEP BEAT THE JSA'S ONE
BY ONE.

TO BEAT HIM,
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE TO ACT LIKE
A TEAM!

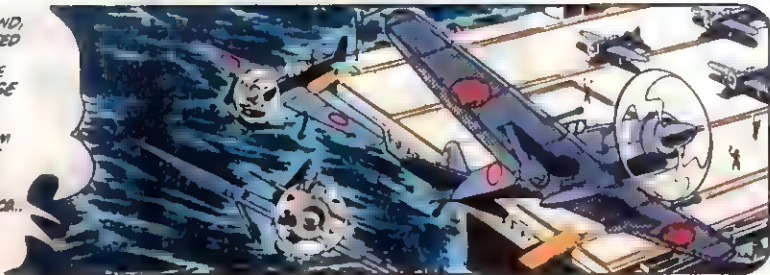
ALL RIGHT,
BRAIN WAVE--
YOU'VE SHOWN
US YOU CAPTURED
THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY--
SOMEHOW.

I'M NOT
OPTIMISTIC
ENOUGH TO
BELIEVE THAT'S
ALL THAT WAS
ON YOUR BIG
BEADY MIND.

WHAT ELSE
DO YOU WANT?

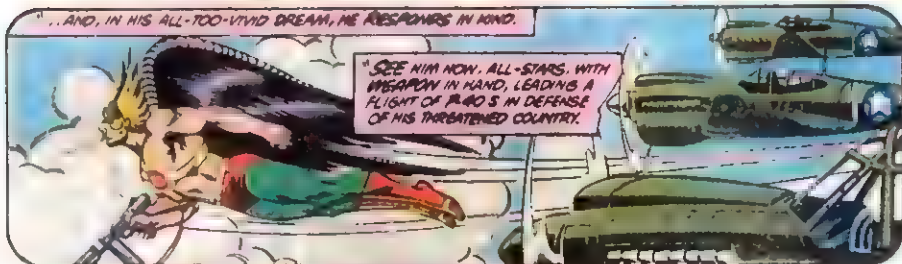


"INTO HIS MIND,
I HAVE INSERTED
AN UNENDING
DREAM-IMAGE
OF JAPANESE
ZEROS
STREAKING
SKYWARD FROM
AN AIRCRAFT
CARRIER OFF
THE COAST OF
SAN FRANCISCO...



"...AND, IN HIS ALL-TOO-VIVID DREAM, HE RESPONDES IN KIND.

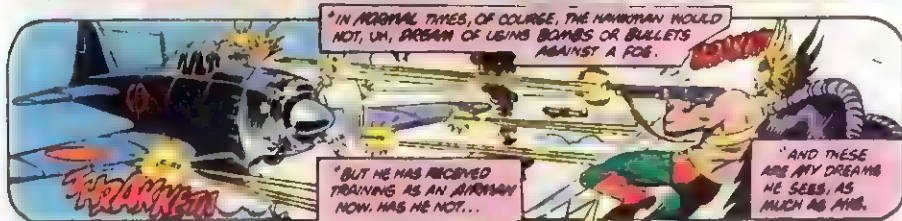
"SEE HIM NOW, ALL-STARS, WITH
WEAPON IN HAND, LEADING A
FLIGHT OF PLATOONS IN DEFENSE
OF HIS THREATENED COUNTRY.



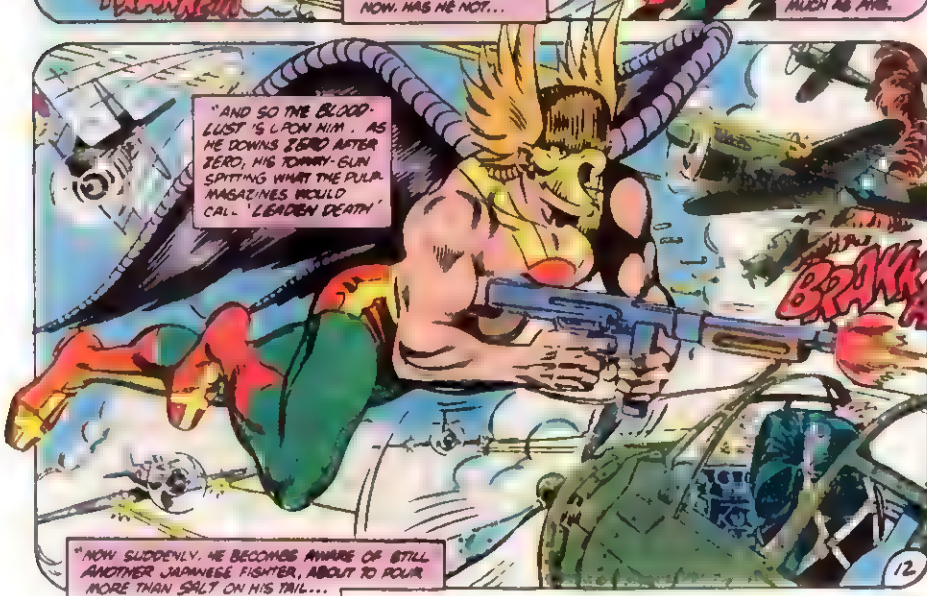
"IN ADDITIONAL TIMES, OF COURSE, THE HAWAIIAN WOULD
NOT, UM, DREAM OF USING BOMBS OR BULLETS
AGAINST A FOG.

"BUT HE HAS RECEIVED
TRAINING AS AN AIRMAN
NOW, HAS HE NOT...

"AND THESE
ARE MY DREAMS
HE SEES, AS
MUCH AS ANY.



"AND SO THE BLOOD-
LUST IS UPON HIM... AS
HE DOWNS ZERO AFTER
ZERO, HIS TOMMY-GUN
SPITTING WHAT THE PULP
MAGAZINES WOULD
CALL 'LEADEN DEATH'



"NOW SUDDENLY, HE BECOMES AWARE OF STILL
ANOTHER JAPANESE FIGHTER, ABOUT TO POUR
MORE THAN SALT ON HIS TAIL...

...BUT THE SWIFT EVASIVE ACTION HE TAKES DISPOSES OF TWO ZEROS IN ONE SHUDDERINGLY MURDEROUS INSTANT.

SO MUCH FOR THAT THREAT!

* YOU SEE HOW REAL THE IMAGES ARE TO HIM, MY FRIENDS ?



"HE VOICES THOSE WORDS IN HIS SLEEP--YET HE MOUTHS THEM ALOUD, AS WELL.

"NEXT, HE NEEDS AMMUNITION FOR HIS ATTACK UPON THE JAPANESE WARSHIP IN THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY OF HIS MIND...

WHY NOT TAKE IT FROM THE ENEMY--AND GIVE UNCLE SAM THE DOUGH?

HERE'S MY IMITATION OF A STUKA DIVE-BOMBER OLD BUDDIES!

BOMBS AWAY!

SCORE ONE FOR OUR SIDE.

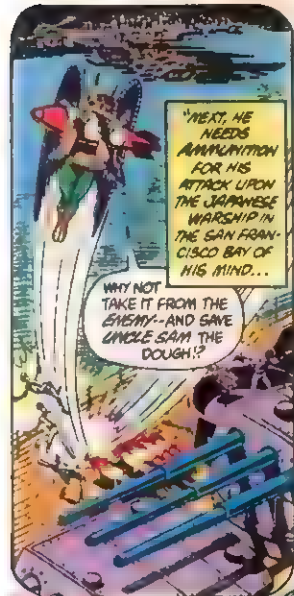
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

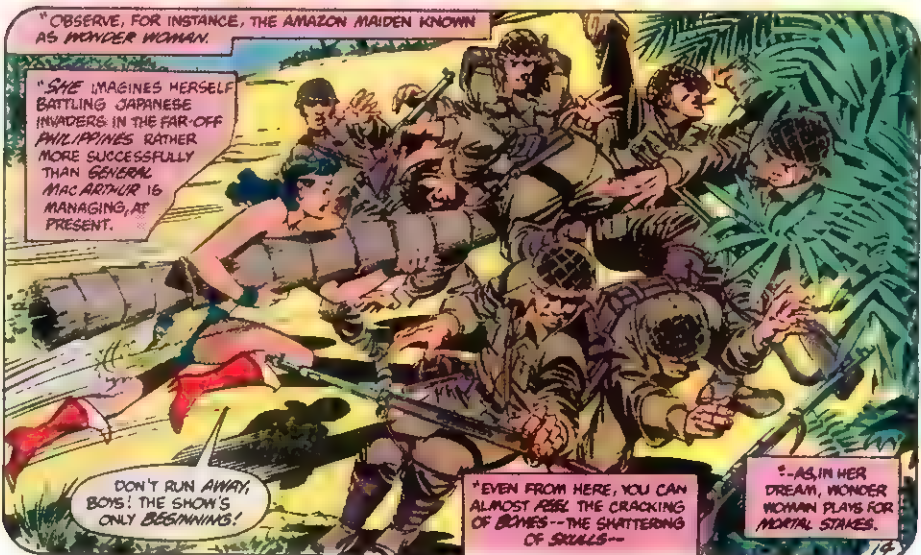
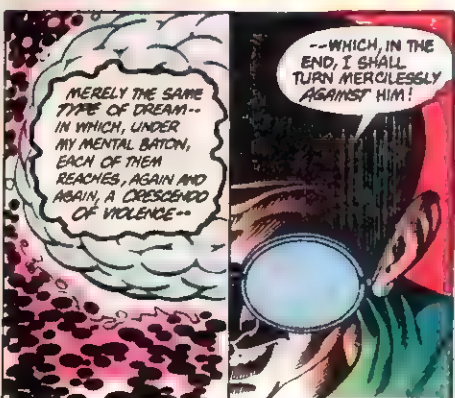
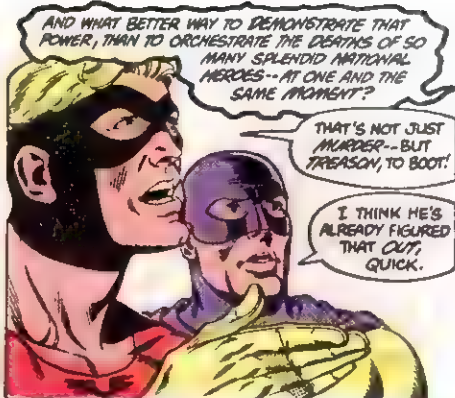
BLOOM!

A SOMEWHAT WAR-MONSTERING ATTITUDE, TO UNTRAINED EYES... BUT THESE ARE VIOLENT TIMES.

NOR ARE THE MARKSMAN'S FELLOW FIGHTERS-FOR-FREEDOM ANY MORE IMMUNE THAN HE TO MY ENDLESSLY-REPLAYING DREAM-IMAGES

* RATHER, THOSE IMAGES ARE THEIR TOTAL REALITY, AS THEY MOVER IN A STATE AS CLOSE TO DEATH AS TO TRUE LIFE...





"ANOTHER DREAM--
THIS ONE STARRING
THE SUPPOSED MASTER
OF DREAMS!

"ON A WAKE ISLAND IN HIS MIND--
ONE WHICH DID NOT FALL TO THE
JAPANESE WEEKS AGO--THE SAND-
MAN SEES HIMSELF CUTTING DOWN
WAVE AFTER WAVE OF IMPERIAL
SAILORS...

"THIS'LL
MAKE 'EM SORRY
THEY STARTED
THIS DAWN
WAR!"

**BRAKKA
BRAKKA**

"...WHILE THE ATOM
PICTURES HIMSELF IN
HAWAII, USING
LEVERAGE AND HIS OWN
CONSIDERABLE STRENGTH
TO DESTROY ENEMY
TANKS... AND THE MEN
INSIDE THEM, OF
COURSE

"HEAVE NO!
OVER YOU GO!"

BOOM!

"DOCTOR FATE IMAGINES HIMSELF
FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN HE
IS, IN THESE POST-MAGICAL DAYS--
SINKING JAPANESE BATTLESHIPS
NEAR THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS...

"NOW FOR A
TORPEDO
ATTACK!"

BRAKKA

"...AND DR. MID-
NITE DREAMS HE
IS ON A TINY
PACIFIC OUTPOST,
USING HIS OWN
NIGHT VISION AND
A SEARCHLIGHT
TO SPOT ZEROES
FOR AMERICAN
ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS.

SHOOOM

"THAT'S PUTTING
THIS LIGHT TO
GOOD USE!"

"STARMAN'S DREAM IS PERHAPS MORE GRANDIOSE THAN MOST:

"HE ENVISIONS HIMSELF AND HIS GRAVITY ROD ACTUALLY RECAPTURING THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, OFF CHINA'S WAR-TORN COAST--WITH GREAT LOSS OF ENEMY LIFE...

"IF MY GIRLFRIEND DORIS COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!"

"AND EVEN JOHNNY THUNDER, WHO IS LITTLE MORE THAN THE OTHERS' MASCOT, MOUNTS A MURDEROUS ONE-MAN, ONE-THUNDERBOLT ASSAULT ON HAPLESS JAPANESE AIRCRAFT."

YAHOOOOO!

PAWNA
PAWNA
PAWNA

"YOU DIRTY--!"

HOURS OF DREAMING NOTHING BUT THAT--WOULD TURN ANYBODY INTO NO MORE THAN A KILLING MACHINE!

"WHA, JOHNNY! AS SOON AS WE LEARN A LITTLE MORE, MAYBE WE CAN--"

"SORRY, LADY! MAYBE I'M NOT SO GOOD AT TAKING ORDERS, AFTER ALL."

"ALL I KNOW IS, WE BAILED THE JSA'S CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE ONCE BEFORE--"

"--THOUGH WE DON'T RECALL QUITE NOW--"

"--AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN!"

"OH, DID I FORGET TO INFORM YOU, MY FRIEND?"

"I HAVE CREATED A MENTAL FORCE FIELD AROUND THE EIGHT HEROES--"

"--ONE NOT EVEN SUPERMAN COULD BURST THROUGH, IF I DID NOT WISH HIM TO!"

"HANG LOOSE, JOHNNY! I'LL--"

SPINNNING

YOU AND THE OTHERS HAVE BACKSTOPPED ME ENOUGH LATELY, STEEL.

I'M NOT ENTIRELY
WITHOUT
RESOURCES--

--MYSELF!

GREAT! THEN BE
A GOOD LITTLE
MYSTERY-MAN TILL BELLE
GIVES THE WORD, OKAY?

ARE YOU ALL THROUUGH
SQUABBLING AMONGST
YOURSELVES?
EXCELLENT.

NOW I'LL FINISH MY
LITTLE GUIDED TOUR
OF YOUR ERSTWHILE
COMRADES' MINDS--

--BY SHOWING
YOU AN IMAGE
WHICH, UNLIKE THE
PRECEDING ONES,
ALL EIGHT OF THEM
ARE SHARING, AT
PRECISELY THIS
INSTANT.

"...NAMELY, A MEETING OF HIGH-RANKING
COMMANDERS IN THE AMERICAN ARMY..."

--AND AFTER SMASHING
THOSE INVASION ATTEMPTS,
HAWKMAN FLEW OUT TO
ESCORT A HOSPITAL CONVOY
TO THE PHILIPPINES!

I KNOW-- BECAUSE
WONDER WOMAN WAS
ON THAT SHIP! YOU
SHOULD HAVE SEEN
HER IN ACTION!

I STILL CONTENT STARMAN'S FEAT
IN CAPTURING THE ENEMY BASE ON
FORMOSA--

--ABLE
BEFORE WHAT
I TOLD YOU
ABOUT THE
SANDMAN AT
WAKE!

WAIT! WHAT ABOUT DR.
AND-NITE? HE--

WHEN YOU
SAY THE AIDM
IS A BETTER
MAN THAN
DOCTOR NITE--
I FIGHT!

FIGHT,
THEN--DON'T
TALK! THAT
LITTLE
GUY'S--

MEN OF THE ARMY, MAY I PRESENT THE
NAVY'S PROUD BOAST-- SEAMAN JOHNNY
THUNDER!

CHECK!
WE'LL BRING
OUR MASKED
MEN--AND
WONDER
WOMAN--
HERE, AS
WELL!

GEE, ADMIRAL,
I DIDN'T DO ANY-
THING THE OTHERS
DIDN'T DO.

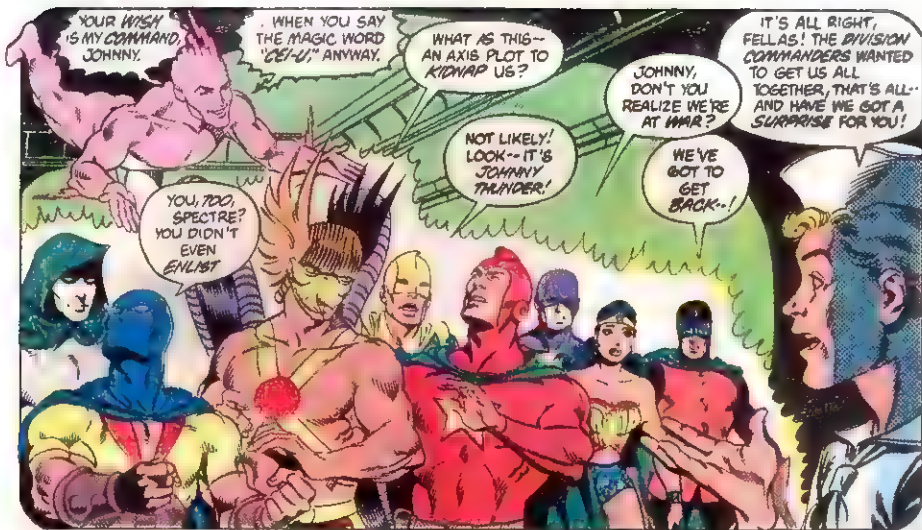
SAY, YOU DON'T HAVE
TO RADIO FOR THEM,
SIR.

MY THUNDERBOLT 'LL
FETCH 'EM HERE

GENTLEMEN--
WE HAVE AN
INTER-SERVICE
VISITOR...!

THEN WE'LL
KNOW WHO'S THE
BEST AMONG THE
ENLISTED USAF'S!

WE'D BE SWEET
AS A WHOLE
BATTALION,
WOULDN'T WE?



YOUR WISH
IS MY COMMAND,
JOHNNY.

WHEN YOU SAY
THE MAGIC WORD
"CEI-U," ANYWAY.

WHAT IS THIS--
AN AXIS PLOT TO
KIDNAP US?

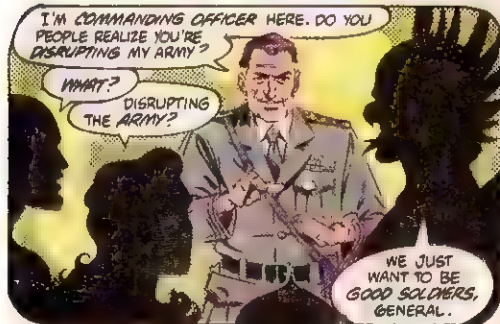
IT'S ALL RIGHT,
FELLAS! THE DIVISION
COMMANDERS WANTED
TO GET US ALL
TOGETHER, THAT'S ALL--
AND HAVE WE GOT A
SURPRISE FOR YOU!

JOHNNY,
DON'T YOU
REALIZE WE'RE
AT WAR?

WE'VE
GOT TO
GET
BACK--!

NOT LIKELY!
LOOK-- IT'S
JOHNNY
THUNDER!

YOU, TOO,
SPECTRE?
YOU DIDN'T
EVEN
ENLIST

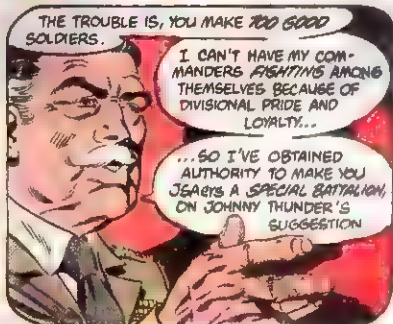


I'M COMMANDING OFFICER HERE. DO YOU
PEOPLE REALIZE YOU'RE
DISRUPTING MY ARMY?

WHAT?

DISRUPTING
THE ARMY?

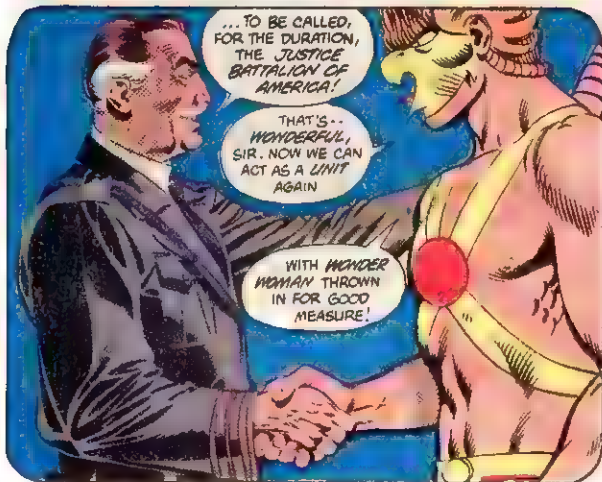
WE JUST
WANT TO BE
GOOD SOLDIERS,
GENERAL.



THE TROUBLE IS, YOU MAKE TOO GOOD
SOLDIERS.

I CAN'T HAVE MY COM-
MANDERS FIGHTING AMONG
THEMSELVES BECAUSE OF
DIVISIONAL PRIDE AND
LOYALTY...

...SO I'VE OBTAINED
AUTHORITY TO MAKE YOU
JEFFS A SPECIAL BATTALION,
ON JOHNNY THUNDER'S
SUGGESTION



...TO BE CALLED,
FOR THE DURATION,
THE JUSTICE
BATTALION OF
AMERICA!

THAT'S--
WONDERFUL,
SIR. NOW WE CAN
ACT AS A UNIT
AGAIN

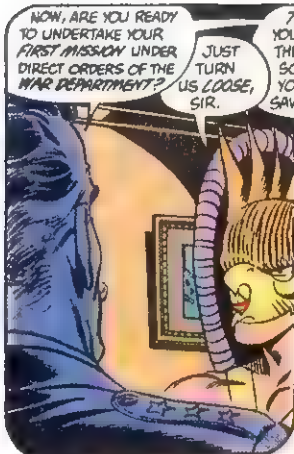
WITH WONDER
WOMAN THROWN
IN FOR GOOD
MEASURE!



HEY! NOW I'M I GONNA BE
IN AN ARMY BATTALION--
WHEN I'M IN THE NAVY?

JOHNNY, YOU ALWAYS
HAVE TO HAVE SOMETHING
TO WORRY ABOUT.

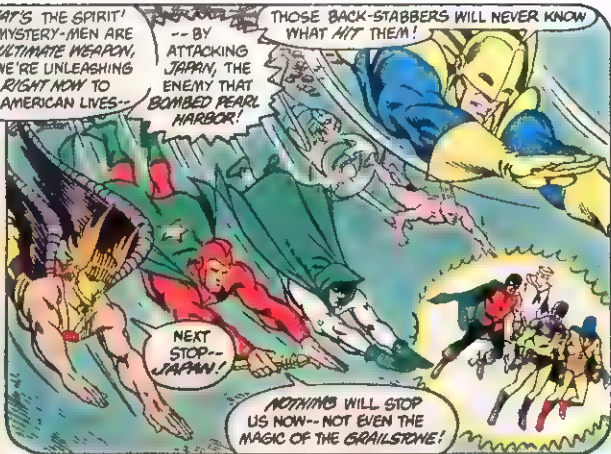
YEAH, BUT GOSH--



NOW, ARE YOU READY TO UNDERTAKE YOUR FIRST MISSION UNDER DIRECT ORDERS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT?

JUST TURN US LOOSE, SIR.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT! YOU MYSTERY-MEN ARE THE ULTIMATE WEAPON, SO WE'RE UNLEASHING YOU RIGHT NOW TO SAVE AMERICAN LIVES--

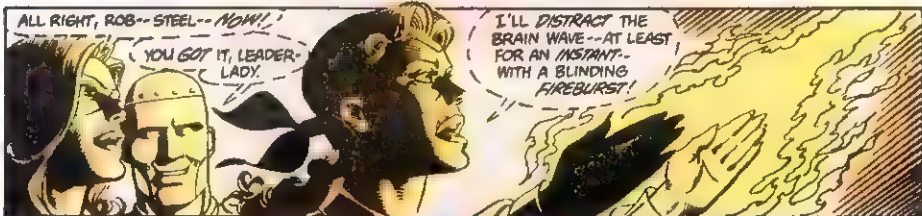


--BY ATTACKING JAPAN, THE ENEMY THAT BOMBED PEARL HARBOR!

THOSE BACK-STABBERS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!

NEXT STOP-- JAPAN!

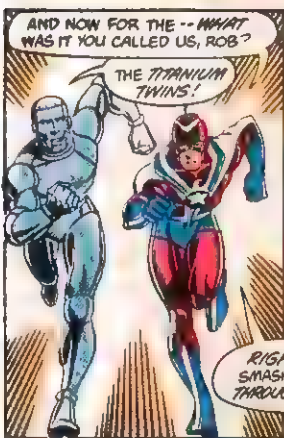
NOTHING WILL STOP US NOW-- NOT EVEN THE MAGIC OF THE GRAILSTONE!



ALL RIGHT, ROB-- STEEL-- NOW!!

YOU GOT IT, LEADER-LADY.

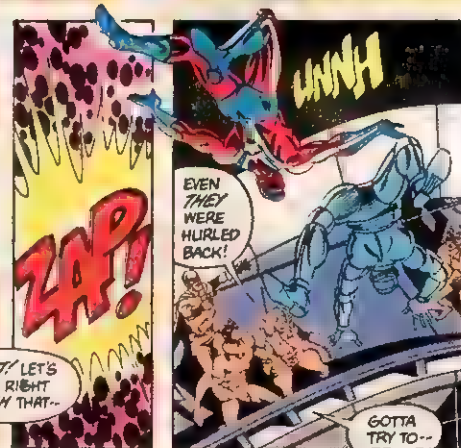
I'LL DISTRACT THE BRAIN WAVE-- AT LEAST FOR AN INSTANT-- WITH A BLINDING FIREBURST!



AND NOW FOR THE -- WHAT WAS IT YOU CALLED US, ROB?

THE TITANIUM TWINS!

RIGHT! LET'S SMASH RIGHT THROUGH THAT--



ZAP!

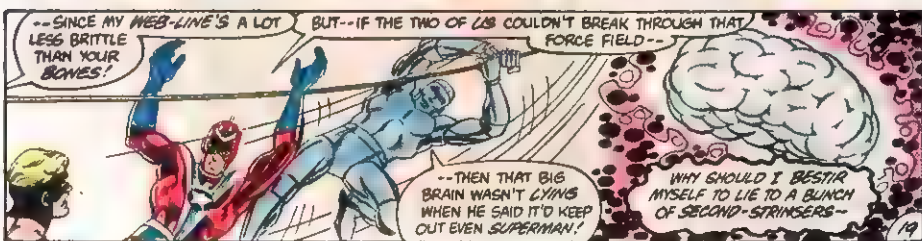
EVEN THEY WERE HURLED BACK!

GOTTA TRY TO--



THIS TIME, JOHNNY QUICK--

--IT'S YOUR TURN NOT TO PUT YOURSELF OUT--



--SINCE MY WEB-LINE'S A LOT LESS BRITTLE THAN YOUR BONES!

BUT--IF THE TWO OF US COULDN'T BREAK THROUGH THAT FORCE FIELD--

--THEN THAT BIG BRAIN WASN'T LYING WHEN HE SAID IT'D KEEP OUT EVEN SUPERMAN!

WHY SHOULD I BESTIR MYSELF TO LIE TO A BUNCH OF SECOND-STINGERS--

--WHEN I AM POWERFUL
ENOUGH TO DESTROY THE
JUSTICE SOCIETY ITSELF--
SINGLE-HANDEDLY!

OR PERHAPS
I SHOULD
SAY--"SINGLE-
MANDEDLY."

YOU WILL OBSERVE THESE
RAPIDLY UNFOLDING IMAGES
WITH A GROWING FEELING OF
REPULSION AND HORROR,
I TRUST--

"--AS NINE RESPLENDENT
FIGURES DRAW NEAR A
MAJOR JAPANESE
WARPORT."

I'LL GO
IN FIRST,
HAWK.

BE MY
GUEST,
CHUM.

"THE IMPERIAL
FORCES READY
THEIR DEFENSES,
OF COURSE."

"WATCH NOW, AS
SPARHAN, EMBOLDENED
BY THE VENERER'S
DREAMS I SPOON-FED
HIM BEFORE, DRAWS
THE PROVERBIAL
FIRST BLOOD--"

"-- ONLY TO BECOME,
IN TURN, THE FIRST
MORTAL
CASUALTY
OF THE JSA
ATTACK!

ARRGG

WAAAA
STORMMAN

STORMMAN!

*THAT'S RIGHT--I SAID
MORTAL CASUALTY.

"DOCTOR FATE, FOR HIS PART, IS
ONE OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE OF
AMERICAN HEROES, EVEN NOW--"

PHLOOM

"BUT HIROHITO'S
NAVY IS NOT
ENTIRELY UN-
PREPARED."

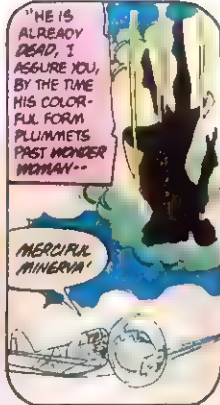
"THOUGH HIS BODY IS STILL
ALL BUT INVULNERABLE TO
A FRONTAL ATTACK, THIS IS
A MOST SPECIAL KIND OF
SHELL--"

UNNN--!!



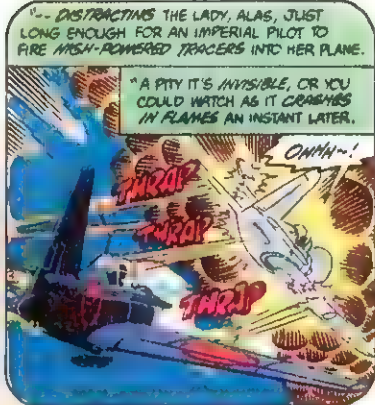
"ONE WHICH DEVOURS OXYGEN,
THUS ATTACKING THE ONE TRULY
VENERABLE ASPECT OF FATE:

"A-MY
LUNGS--
CAN'T
BREATHE--"



"HE IS
ALREADY
DEAD, I
ASSURE YOU,
BY THE TIME
HIS COLOR-
FUL FORM
PLUMMETS
PAST WONDER
WOMAN--"

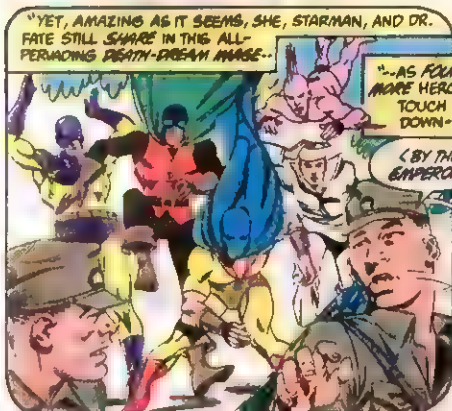
"MERCIFUL
MINERVA!"



"-- DISTRACTING THE LADY, ALAS, JUST
LONG ENOUGH FOR AN IMPERIAL PILOT TO
FIRE HIGH-POWERED TRACERS INTO HER PLANE.

"A PITY IT'S INVISIBLE, OR YOU
COULD WATCH AS IT CRASHES
IN FLAMES AN INSTANT LATER.

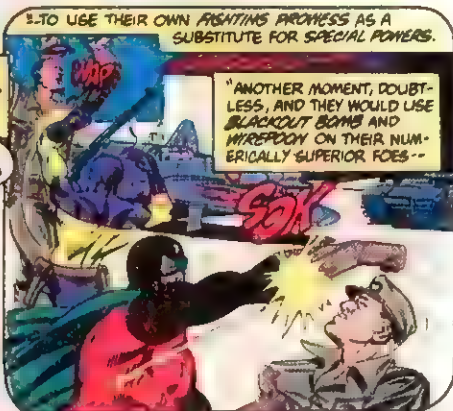
"OWWW~!"



"YET, AMAZING AS IT SEEMS, SHE, STARMAN, AND DR.
FATE STILL SHARE IN THE ALL-
PERRADING DEATH-DREAM MARE--"

"--AS FOUR
MORE HERCES
TOUCH
DOWN--"

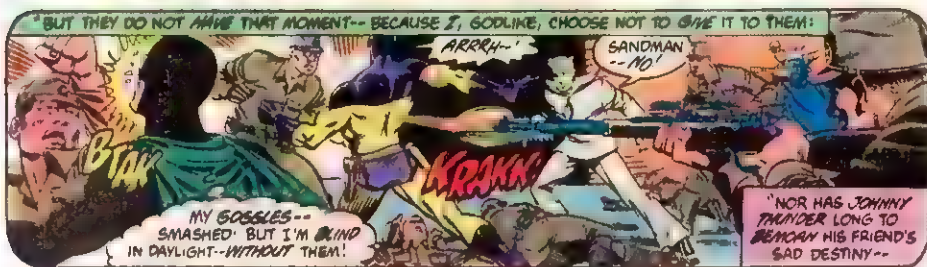
"(BY THE
EMPEROR!)"



"--TO USE THEIR OWN FIGHTING PROMESS AS A
SUBSTITUTE FOR SPECIAL POWERS.

"ANOTHER MOMENT, DOUBT-
LESS, AND THEY WOULD USE
BLACKOUT BOMB AND
WIREFOOD ON THEIR NUM-
ERICALLY SUPERIOR FOES--"

"SOX"



"BUT THEY DO NOT HAVE THAT MOMENT-- BECAUSE I, GODLIKE, CHOOSE NOT TO GIVE IT TO THEM:

"ARRH~!"

"SANDMAN
-- NO!"

"MY GOGGLES--
SMASHED. BUT I'M BLIND
IN DAYLIGHT--WITHOUT THEM!"

"NOR HAS JOHNNY
THUNDER LONG TO
REMEMOR HIS FRIEND'S
SAD DESTINY--"



"C-CAN'T
SEE!
WHERE--?"

"--AS A SOLDIER'S BAYNET
CUTS BOTH HIS TENDER
FLESH-- AND HIS LIFE'S
FRAGILE THREAD!"

"JOHNNY! OH MY GOD--!"

"WRRRAK"

ATOM! I--I'M BLIND!
JUST TELL ME WHERE
THEY ARE, AND I'LL--

DOC! NOT
YOU, TOO!

I--I NEVER
DREAMED IT
WOULD BE--
LIKE THIS!

"AH, BUT HE DID--
AND DOES--THOUGH
HE IS NOT INTELLECTUALLY
EQUIPPED TO
REALIZE IT--

CAN'T
AVOID--THAT
TRANK! IT--

"FOR THESE ARE
DREAMS IN WHICH PAIN
AND LOSS AND DEATH
ARE AS KEENLY FELT--
IN THEIR OWN WAY, AS
TERRIBLY REAL--AS
IN ANY WAKING
WORLD.

"IF WAR IS, INDEED, HELL--AND IN THIS
INSTANCE, I DEFINITELY MEAN IT TO BE--
THEN IT IS THE HAWKMAN WHO SUFFERS
IN ITS INNER CIRCLE, AS...

SPECTRE! THANK THE
LORD YOU'RE STILL
AROUND,
ANYWAY!

YOU'RE MORE POWERFUL
THAN ANY OF US.

WH-WHY DON'T YOU
SAY SOMETHING, SPECTRE?
CAN'T YOU SEE?

THEY'VE
KILLED OUR
FRIENDS--KILLED
EVERY LAST ONE
OF THEM!

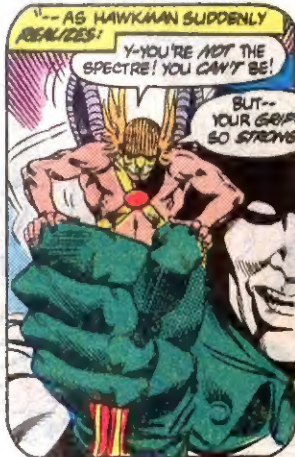
WAIT!
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
TO YOU--!

GOOD! YOU'RE
GROWING--TILL YOU DWARE
ONE OF THEIR BATTLESHIPS!

TOGETHER, WE CAN
AVENGE OUR FRIENDS'
DEATHS, AND--
HUN?

WHY ARE
YOU GRABBING
ME??

"FOR THE CHAIRMAN OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY,
I HAVE RESERVED THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT
OF ALL, AS THE BARD SAID...



"-- AS HAWKMAN SUDDENLY REALIZES!

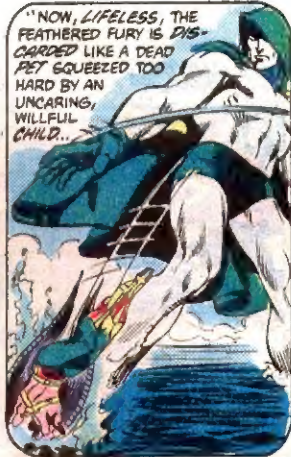
Y-YOU'RE NOT THE SPECTRE! YOU CAN'T BE!

BUT--
YOUR GRIP--
SO STRONG--



-- C. CRASHING MEEEEE! --

"IN ALL DELICACY,
I SHALL SPARE
YOU THE NOXIOUS
SOUND EFFECTS."



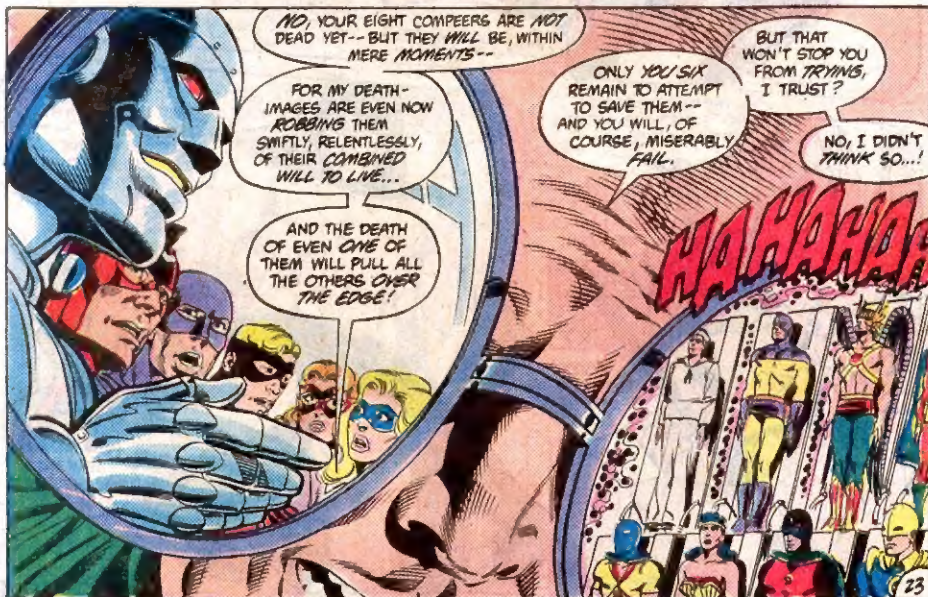
"NOW, LIFELESS, THE
FEATHERED FURY IS DIS-
CARDED LIKE A DEAD
PET SQUEEZED TOO
HARD BY AN
UNCARING,
WILLFUL
CHILD..."



"-- AND THE VISAGE OF THE
'SPECTRE' FACES, TO BE
REPLACED BY THE CHOSEN
IMAGE OF... THE BRAIN
WAVE!"

"BUT THEN, YOU ALREADY
ANTICIPATED THAT, DID
YOU NOT?"

"AH... I SEE YOU WHO
WATCH ARE STUNNED
INTO SILENCE... YET I
SENSE THE ANGUISHED,
UNASKED QUESTIONS
FORMING ON YOUR
LIPS..."



NO, YOUR EIGHT COMPEERS ARE NOT
DEAD YET-- BUT THEY WILL BE, WITHIN
MERE MOMENTS--

FOR MY DEATH-
IMAGES ARE EVEN NOW
ROBBING THEM
SWIFTLY, RELENTLESSLY,
OF THEIR COMBINED
WILL TO LIVE...

AND THE DEATH OF
EVEN ONE OF
THEM WILL PULL ALL
THE OTHERS OVER
THE EDGE!

ONLY YOU/SIX
REMAIN TO ATTEMPT
TO SAVE THEM--
AND YOU WILL, OF
COURSE, MISERABLY
FAIL.

BUT THAT
WOVN'T STOP YOU
FROM TRYING,
I TRUST?

NO, I DIDN'T
THINK SO...!

HAHAHAHA

NEXT: BOTH A SPECIAL GUEST STAR AND A SOUL-SHATTERING CONCLUSION TO THIS TALE OF TALES, IN--
ISSUE "FOR THE DARK THINGS FEAR THE LIGHT!"

ALL-STAR COMMENTS

DC COMICS, INC., 666 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10103

OUR USUAL SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY NOTE:

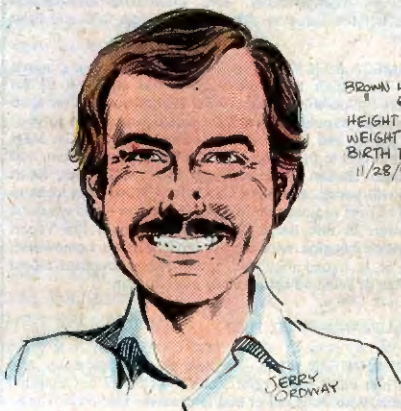
In issues #1-2, we printed text pages which revealed both why DC Comics wanted to do a revival of the Justice Society of America, and why Ye Writer had always wanted to handle the JSA and related 1940's heroes. However, we never got around to printing pieces on our first two talented pencilers—Rich Buckler (who moved on to other pastures after #5 anyway) and Adrian Gonzales (who's now the penciler of ARAK, SON OF THUNDER, and will be dealt with there, as soon as we can get him to commit a few biographical thoughts to paper).

With this issue, however, we enter a *new era* in ALL-STAR SQUADRON, in terms of both story and art. Storywise, this month signals the return of many of the JSA greats you've been requesting for months now, and whom we always intended to bring back anyway. Suffice it to say, they *aren't* going to disappear at the end of the current storyline—providing they *survive* it.

On the art side, ALL-STAR SQUADRON #19 likewise signals the promotion of our Inker/Embellisher Extraordinaire since our very first issue—one *Jerry Ordway* of Wisconsin—as both penciler and inker of this mag. Heck, Jerry impressed editor Len Wein so much that he even wound up doing the *cover* for this epoch-making return of the JSA (plus Wonder Woman, not yet a member!).

Likewise, we asked Jerry, otherwise a modest fellow, to do both a verbal and pictorial self-portrait for this first All-Ordway issue, so you know just who it is that's going to be helping Len and Roy bring you Golden-Age wonderment for the indeterminate (meaning, we hope it goes on *forever*) future. Take it away, J.O....!

—R.T.



BROWN HAIR
EYES
HEIGHT 6'2"
WEIGHT 185 LBS
BIRTH DATE
11/28/57

Hi! I'm Jeremiah Ordway (Jerry, to all of you), and I'm the guy who draws the ALL-STAR SQUADRON. I've been asked to say a few words about myself, so here goes:

I was born on November 28, 1957, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and spent most of my childhood reading and drawing from comics, with the dream of one day becoming a comic artist myself. To be honest, I didn't always want to be

an artist. I also harbored a dream of becoming a race-car driver, but the closest I'll ever get to that is drawing Johnny Quick!

Anyway, in 1975, I graduated from Milwaukee Trade and Technical High School with a 3.7 grade-point average and a commercial art diploma. I spent a semester in college before joining a typography house as a headline typesetter. After two years I moved on to a job at a Milwaukee art studio, where I learned an amazing amount about all kinds of art besides comics. This was very important in my development as an artist, and the kind of experience I heartily recommend to all you budding comic artists out there. I wound up doing everything from keyline and paste-up to layout, to illustration, and even cartooning, in my three years there.

Sounds as though I forgot comics during this period of time, but I didn't. During 1975 I managed to publish two issues of my own fanzine, called OKAY COMIX, and later did illustrations for a lot of other fan publications. In 1977 I visited New York with some friends in the hope of breaking into comics, and though we received favorable comments, none of us got a job! Back to Milwaukee and commercial art!

Time passed, and then one day, between jobs for Schlitz Beer and Evinrude Motors, my boss gave me a project he got from Western Publishing (Golden Books) he thought might interest me. It was a DC Super-Heroes coloring book!

I guess at that point, comics were destined to be a part of my life. I followed that book with a series of books called Everything Workbooks, featuring the Marvel characters, again for Western Publishing.

Then came the Chicago Comicon in the summer of 1980, where I heard DC Comics would be looking for new talent. I showed my samples and gave them my phone number, and soon started inking parttime for a couple of Len Wein's books, while still working days at the Milwaukee Art Studio.

In December of 1980 I was finally enticed to take the plunge fulltime. Would I be interested in embellishing (finishing the penciling, and then inking) this new comic-book that Roy Thomas has wanted to do all his life? Rich Buckler was the penciler, and I'd admired his and Roy's work for years. My answer was yes, and needless to say, the rest is history.

—Jerry Ordway.

POSTSCRIPT: And a very happy one as far as Dynamic DC is concerned! As the writer and co-creator of ALL-STAR SQUADRON, I thought this might be the best time and place to publicly acknowledge (split infinitive and all) that both Jerry and his later co-conspirator in creativity, Adrian Gonzales, were the discoveries of the discerning eye of editor Len Wein—and while he'd never heard of either artist before they labored lovingly on the 1980's ALL-STAR, Ye Writer considers it an honor to have worked with both of them. Adrian, of course, has moved on to ARAK, DC's other R.T.-scripted hit; but before he left ALL-STAR, he made (along with Jerry, Len, colorist Carl Gafford, and cover-artist Joe Kubert) many outstanding contributions to the adventures of the most multi-membered super-group of all time. As for Jerry—hopefully, this is just the beginning of his association with DC and with ALL-STAR SQUADRON... an association we couldn't be prouder of!

—Roy Thomas.

PS: Next issue, along with the shocking conclusion to this most monumental of Squadron epics—more letters on our JLA/JSA/All-Star team-up, and maybe even a few on our very first Annual!

WINTER, 1942-- A WORLD AT WAR! AND AGAINST THE FORCES OF AXIS DARKNESS, THE HIGHEST HEROES OF EARTH-TWO HAVE Banded Together, UNDER DIRECT ORDERS OF THE PRESIDENT, AS THE...

ALL-STAR SQUADRON

SO HERE WE ARE-- THE N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS!

YOU KNOW, IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR SINCE THE FAIR CLOSED-- THERE'S NO WATER IN THE LAGOON OF NATIONS, JUST F.D.R.'S FOUR FREEDOMS LOOKING DOWN ON AN EMPTY POOL--

BUT I STILL REMEMBER THE HOPES FOR PEACE ALL OF US HARBORED WHEN THE FAIR OPENED IN '39.

YEAH! NOW, ALL THAT'S LEFT BESIDES THESE STATUES IS THE FAIR'S 'THEME CENTER' YONDER-- THE TRYLON AND THE PERISHERE.

AND THAT MESSAGE WE HEARD ABOUT'S STILL BEING BROADCAST IN MORSE CODE FROM ATOP THE TRYLON--

--DARING THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON TO COME HERE *-- BUT WHY??

IF IT'S SOME NAZI NASTY, WE'LL MAKE HIM SORRY HE EVER LEFT FORTRESS EUROPE.

DEATH, CONSIDERED AS A STATE OF MIND!

ROY THOMAS
WRITER

GERALD D'ANGELO
CONVICT
JOHN COSTANEA
18118701

LEN WEIN
EDITOR

GIVE A WARM "WELCOME BACK" TO JERRY ORDWAY

IN HIS DYNAMIC DEBUT AS BOTH PENCILER AND INKER OF THE ALL-STAR'S AWESOME ADVENTURES!

EASY, JOHNNY! LIKE YOU SAID, WHOEVER'S BAITING US MAY WELL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECENT DISAPPEARANCE OF WONDER WOMAN AND SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY--

--AND "ANYBODY WHO TOOK OUT THE JSA IS LIABLE TO HAVE ENOUGH POWER TO MAKE MINCE-MEAT OUT OF THE SIX OF US," END-QUOTE.

WELL, ANYWAY-- WHAT GAY WE MAKE LIKE THE LIGHT BRIGADE-- AND CHARGE?

"WE WANT OUR DREAMS AND OUR MATHEMATICS."
--RALPH WALDO EMERSON, SPEAKING OF HIS FELLOW AMERICANS.

With special thanks to fabulous FLO STEINBERG & DANIELLE THOMAS, N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR RESEARCHERS



YOU WERE A POW IN GERMANY HALF THE TIME THE FAIR WAS HERE, WEREN'T YOU, STEEL?

AND IN '39, I WAS TOO BUSY PLAYING MARINE TO GET HERE. HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?



MY LAB'S NOT FAR AWAY, SO I WAS ALL OVER THIS PLACE.

WHAT WAS IT THEY CALLED THE FAIR? "THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY..." "THE WORLD OF TOMORROW..."

SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

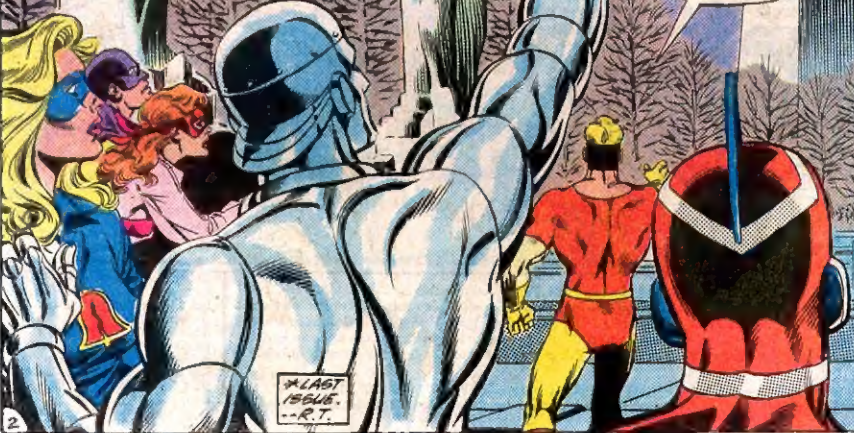


BUT "TOMORROW" TURNED OUT TO BE WHEN THE NAZIS MARCHED INTO POLAND-- AND SO ENDED THAT LITTLE PIPE-DREAM.

THAT'S WHY WE'RE TOGETHER, HANK, REMEMBER?

TO HELP REVIVE THAT LOST DREAM-- AND MAKE IT COME TRUE WHEN THIS DAMNED WAR'S OVER.

IF IT EVER IS.



ALASTY 15846
--R.T.